

EDITORIALS

The Narrowing Gap

That the two major political parties in Torrance are coming closer to a balance in registrations was indicated in the current registration figures revealed last week by Registrar Benjamin S. Hite.

Hite's report last week that 35,523 persons in Torrance had registered to vote and that the Democrats, which have commanded a strong majority through the years, now claim only 58.8 per cent of the voters.

Conversely, 37.2 per cent of the voters selected the Republican party as their choice.

The narrowing of the margin between the two major parties has been evident for a number of years. In 1954, the Democrats registered 59.6 per cent of the voters and the Republicans only 36.1.

In the 1948 presidential elections, Democrats claimed more than 63 per cent of the registration while the Republicans could claim only 28 per cent.

Prior to 1948, the margin between the parties was even wider, with the 1944 voters split about four-to-one for Democrats.

What today's registration figures mean in terms of votes will be determined less than a month from now when voters go to the polls for the 1956 presidential elections.

Noise, Speed so Necessary?

Only the medical profession could give an authoritative opinion on the value of the time element in transporting a sickness or accident victim to the hospital. Many laymen (and for that matter many medical men) would like to have this question answered, particularly after hearing a screaming ambulance on what may or may not be a real emergency.

Over the past months we have had numerous complaints from residents along Torrance Blvd, about what they consider unnecessary noise and reckless speed. Some have questioned the value of transporting a heart victim in a cacophony of screaming brakes and sirens, maintaining that if his heart was weak at the time of the attack it was even weaker after his hair-raising trip to the hospital or doctor's office.

The record is there, also, of ambulances being involved in tragic crashes with other vehicles and some have run down hapless pedestrians. There have been cases where the unfortunate occupant of the ambulance ended up in far worse condition at the hospital than when he was placed on the stretcher.

It is to be understood, of course, that ambulance drivers and attendants must move with speed for their experience has taught them the value of minutes. Nevertheless, they must be made to realize that there is no system available now that makes it safe for them to dash wildly through intersections and traffic signals as though they had the right of way in more ways than that provided in the vehicle code. Furthermore, they still should be made to respect the rights and feelings of others to the end that they use sirens or horns only when actually needed.

One of our correspondents who, incidentally, is a medical man in this community, suggests more control over public and private ambulances. He believes every private operator ought to be made to make out a detailed report on every trip in which a siren was employed or speed limits exceeded. In this way, he maintains, perhaps it could be shown that ambulance drivers need not have endangered their own and the lives of others in the majority of their runs.

The sympathy of the whole community goes out to any individual who suffers emergency illness or injury. Some of this sympathy goes out at the same time to the poor residents along the way who have their peace shattered all too frequently.

The Squirrel Cage

By REID BUNDY

Attorney C. A. "Bud" Mewborn was busy trying to steer friends onto a new cocktail at the annual installation meeting of the South Bay Bar Assn. the other evening. "Just take a glass of carrot juice and pour in a healthy shot of vodka," he advised.

"Sure, you really get blistered," he admitted. "But, man, can you see!"

Almost as bad as another we heard about the same time.

The two fleas came out of the theater after the evening's performance. One turned to the other and said: "Shall we walk or take a dog?"

SIGN LANGUAGE . . . In a shoe repair shop: "We Bring New Life to Departed Soles!" and in a department store: "Bath Towels for the Whole Damp Family."

Before we get too far away from the attorneys . . . we want to tell you about the two hard-pressed barristers who were discussing their business over a cup of coffee the other day, and apparently business hadn't been too

good. In fact, it had been awful.

"You know," one said, "I haven't had a client for more than eight months!"

"I've got that beat," the other answered. "I haven't had a client for more than a year."

To which the first one replied, "What do you suppose we could do to get out of this business?"

TV Star Rosemary De Camp, in private life the wife of our own Judge John A. Shidler, told us about a personal appearance tour she made recently with Bill Bendix in which each was assigned a motorcycle officer for escort purposes. After appearing at one public gathering, both rode away in the same car, therefore they had the services of two motorcycle officers.

While cruising down the streets of an eastern city, the motorcycles swerved suddenly as a cat darted out in front of the caravan. The officer assigned to Miss De Camp avoided the animal, but Bill's escort wasn't so lucky and his bike ran over the cat. Bendix was up to the occasion, however. "My cop runneth over," he exclaimed.

How To Tell Fight's Progress



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I'm 28 years old, set in business and have "girl trouble." Maybe you can help me. I'd appreciate it if you'd skip the wise-cracks.

I've been dating about six or seven chicks these past three years. My No. 1 girl told me last night we were through. I never mentioned marriage because I wasn't ready to settle down to one gal for life. When I told her how I felt about this she said, "That does it. Goodbye and don't bother me any more!" Is this what a guy rates for being honest?

She said I was a Don Juan type and she regretted having thrown out three years on me. I always thought Don Juan was a great lover. She said there's more to it than that. Is there? If so, what?—Mr. Information Please.

There sure is — and if you'd read a book once in a while you might learn something.

Don Juan was abandoned by his mother at an early

age. He felt rejected and unhappy. His life was spent trying to get even with "Mom" by punishing all women. He was the original "Mr. Love 'em and Leave 'em."

If this is your No. 1 Girl's opinion of you, perhaps you need a good introduction to yourself.

Dear Ann Landers: This morning I disagreed with you for the first time. I refer to your stand on The American Tragedy otherwise known as The Christmas Office Party. I know from personal experience these affairs are disgraceful. Husbands and wives who are respectable 364 days of the year drink too much and slobber over semi-strangers at these parties. Why they pick the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ for this shameful performance, I'll never know. Plenty of trouble gets started at these liquored up get-togethers. They ought to be discontinued.—Wised Up Wife.

Dear Ann: You're a livin' doll! You must be a mind-reader. Your piece on Office Parties appeared just in time to give us a badly needed assist.

Three of us fellows were going 'round and 'round with the little women about just this. When the morning paper came our telephone calls practically crossed as we asked one another, "Have you seen Landers this morning?"

The girls, who have used your column to support their side of many an argument, were in no position to say you were wrong. Thanks, Ann. In your vernacular you have averted three major "four-door-family fights."—Horace Boris and Morris.

Dear Horace Boris and Morris: If I was able to be of service, I'm glad, glad, glad. Now—will you do ME a favor and behave yourselves or I'll never hear the end of it from Millie, Tillie and Lillie.

Dear Ann: I'm terribly upset. Please try to help me. I have no one to tell this to—and it's serious. I'm positive my boy friend is taking dope. He has several little marks on his left arm and they are unmistakably from needles. He's become very nervous and irritable lately and I can't seem to reach him. Is there anything I can do to help him? Please tell me at once. I'm turning into a nervous wreck myself. The change in this fellow in just a few months is enough to make me sick. Please hurry.—Miss D.

If your boy friend is on the needle he must have professional care. Urge him to see a doctor at once. The government has institutions for people who are cursed with this illness. In many cases the treatment is extremely successful.

Crime and dope go hand in hand. Get your boy friend to a doctor before he does something he may regret the rest of his life.

A law was passed at the last session of Congress calling for the death penalty for anyone found guilty of peddling dope. In my opinion the death penalty isn't strong enough.

Confidentially: Broken-Hearted Mother: If the girls are 21 there's nothing you can do. Have you seen your clergyman?

Top Secret: Hog-Tied: Your letter got me right here, pal. You should direct your talent to writing soap operas.

Distributed by Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate (Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

The Freelancer

By TOM BISCHKE
Herald Staff Writer

Unless he's blind and deaf, the motorist can't very well escape advertising any more. This includes most of us, since few drivers have such handicaps.

Speeding along the highway in our autos, we hear slobberingly cheerful announcers wondering where the yellow went, hopping on somebody's coffee-go-round, or prattling about how much less cancer his cigarette provides than other leading cigarettes which have only half as many filters.

These announcers sing (literally) the praises of their sponsor's products, usually to the detriment of music in general. In fact, one company has gotten so sneaky that it is using popular tunes, but substituting its own lyrics (commercial, of course).

Just to save the feelings of us radio listeners, they sometimes play a rock 'n roll record or add a news item. This is the age of publicity, whether we know it or not.

During the past few weeks the Torrance City Council has been hassling over a sign ordinance, to decide whether any and if so, how much advertising signs should be placed along the city's highways and byways.

It's up to the Council to decide to what extent we shall see, as well as hear, the advertising of everything from new tract houses to rummage sales in multi-colored, inescapable signs. Advertising is fine. It helps us to know where to buy the most for the least. It tells us where to go for groceries, for clothes, for furniture, for homes, and for entertainment. It's an indispensable part of our daily lives.

But, why beat us over the head with it?

Anybody who likes to take a peaceful drive in the country is pretty much frustrated in Southern California. The second best thing—is just taking a drive to see the sights (cussing all the time at the thousands of other drivers who are doing the same thing). I don't know about other drivers, but I don't drive to see the billboards along the road.

Cruising along the Santa Ana Freeway last week end, I was annoyed by the assorted collection of giant signs blotting out the landscape behind. In fairness, I must admit that some of the signs were as scenic as some of the scenery. I was pleased to see that somebody, somehow, had painted a mustache on one of the towering 30-high figures pointing the way to a new subdivision.

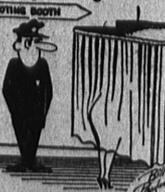
Southern California and America aren't alone in the signboard problem. France, too, is covered with signs urging drivers to use the French products. The only restrictions the French have is that arrows are forbidden. It seems one sign had a giant arrow on it that led motorists to their deaths. It was located on a dangerous curve and the sign's arrow pointed the wrong way.

Most signs, however, aren't dangerous. They're just obnoxious. Little directional and advertising signs aren't bad, and in fact, they're good. It's the big ones that are objectionable.

It's been said that in an age of publicity, they're signs of the times.

If that's so, maybe it's time to stop the clock.

My Neighbors



My husband said to vote for our pocketbook—but I don't see it listed here!

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

President Gamal Nasser of Egypt has far from clear sailing among the Arab-Moslem world and from inside Egypt itself. Nasser is in trouble . . . and in our opinion his days are numbered in Egypt. Here are some inside facts not apparent in the Suez confusion.

After repeated trips to the Middle East in recent years and in exclusive interviews with key officials in Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq and Egypt, we learned that the Arab-Moslem world does not entirely agree with Nasser, except in his campaign against Israel.

Over the past five years we reported in these columns direct from the Middle East that the elder Middle East leaders do not like the fact that a "38-year-old upstart wants to be the leader of the Arab-Moslem world." We have heard the most bitter denunciations against Nasser repeatedly.

His seizure of Suez has not improved his standing except with extremist officials. The oil-producing Arab-Moslem nations are worried that the marketing of their oil will be affected and revenues lost as a result of the controversy over Suez. Since the U. S., Britain and France control the production and marketing of nearly 95 per cent of all Middle East oil, they have the power to curtail the flow and get oil from South America or the U. S. in retaliation to Nasser. The resulting curtailment of revenue will further arouse sentiment against Nasser.

Nasser's recent notoriety is resented by such elder Arab leaders as King Saud of Saudi Arabia . . . as well as such younger leaders like King Feisal of Iraq and King Hussein of Jordan. We have seen evidence inside Egypt since 1953 that Gamal Nasser is popular with his people and with the governments of Syria, Lebanon, Libya, and the Sudan. But he has little little support in Iraq, Iran and Jordan.

This split among the Arab bloc is a serious threat to Nasser and could well prove his undoing much faster than from the forces of the West. King Abdullah was assassinated for a whole lot less.

The Arab-Moslem bloc appears favorable to Nasser on the surface because no Arab-Moslem leader could afford to show his hand against him in view of such overwhelming public acclaim at the moment. But Arab-Moslem leadership has followed the pound and the dollar for generations often at the expense of public sentiment.

We heard open criticism of Nasser in our interviews with Arab leaders on our last trip to the Middle East. Their attitudes seemed to be that Nasser would be financially weakened with any show-down with the West.

This could be true today, whether he won his point on Suez or not. Serious discussions are now taking place in the West for a parallel canal through Israel from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Akaba, which engineers say can be completed in 18 months. Such a venture most certainly would destroy Nasser.

Arab leaders are suspicious of Nasser's intentions for fear that he is taking advantage of Arab nationalism to advance his own position as ultimate ruler of the Arab-Moslem world.

President Nasser's popularity with the people keeps him in power. This is why he was able to win his fight against General Naguib, the senior leader of the revolt against King Farouk in 1952. Naguib is now under house arrest and takes no part in the Egyptian government or the army. The senior Egyptian officers who prefer Naguib are privately against Nasser, who they consider a young upstart who four years ago, at the time of the revolution, was an unknown infantry officer of 34.

Nasser is not the real ruler in Egypt . . . the power lies in 15 young officers of the Free Officers' corps of the army, who have voted him down increasingly, but supported him on the Suez seizure. Egypt is virtually bankrupt and the seizure of the canal reduced, not increased,

revenue. Egypt's prisons are full of Farouk followers, a constant danger of eruption.

The West can get a long without the canal, but Egypt can't, and Nasser knows it. The U. S. can supply oil in a pinch, but the hungry Arab and Moslem producing nations have to market their oil or face disaster. Nasser's own armies in Egypt must have oil supplied from the Middle East, but through U. S. and British companies. In our opinion Nasser is going the way of Mossadegh, who lasted only three years in Iran after he nationalized oil.

Nasser is also having trouble with the Wafd, the former followers of King Farouk . . . as well as the Moslem brotherhood, the right-wing fanatics who despise him. Business men generally in the Middle East appear to us to be against him. We heard denunciations and criticism of his policies, especially in Arab Jerusalem, Teheran and Beirut. The students and educators we talked to are very much united in their fanatical support of Nasser, however.

Nasser impressed us favorably the first time we talked to him in 1953, when he asked to see us at 2 a.m., a rather unusual time for an interview. "We must work hard and long to save Egypt," he informed me. His repeated praise of the U. S. and our generosity pleased us, of course, at that time.

We had not expected the condescending and charitable attitude he professed then for the new State of Israel. "Live and let live is our motto for all our neighbors, including Israel," he said. Two years later he informed us, pounding his fist on the desk: "Egypt will join the devil himself if the devil will help us to push the Jews into the sea."

Nasser returned from his meeting with Communist Chou En-lai and Socialist Nehru at the Bandung conference full of new ideas for the Middle East. He promptly recognized Red China and put out the carpet for state visits to Nehru and the Russians.

For a man of 38, without any previous experience in any phase of government, Gamal Nasser appears to us as an impulsive, but sincere Egyptian nationalist, with fanatical pride in his country and his race. He lives humbly in a modest home (cost about \$15,000) with his wife, Tahia, and five children. Like the old fanatic Mohammed Mossadegh, recently released from prison, he has become a symbol of all the bad dreams which plagued the Middle East for centuries . . . poverty, exploitation, anti-Semitism and colonial insult. Nasser seems to have the understandable youthful impulsiveness to end it all by the sheer force of his self-styled genius.

Nasser was, until recently, the most promising youthful Middle East leader since Turkey's brilliant Atatürk. But, unlike Atatürk, Nasser appears to have gotten lost in the contradiction of his own original admirable objectives to reform and modernize Egypt, and has fallen victim to the dictator's impulse to rush history.

From his once lofty principles of saving Egypt from exploiting Farouk, he has restored to feeding his impoverished people's hopes on the rhetoric of revenge . . . real or imaginary. It appears that the ailing Middle East is once again in the clutches of a misguided Messiah.

TORRANCE HERALD

1619 Gramercy Ave.

FA 8-4000

Established Jan. 1, 1914

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Sunday. Entered second class matter January 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher
GLENN PFEIL, General Manager
REID I. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjudicated a legal newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjudicated Decree No. 21470, March 30, 1927.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, 45¢ a month. Mail subscriptions \$4.00 a year. Circulation office FA 8-4000.